

he Harry Potter universe, but the real credit for this work goes to the Fan Fiction Community. Ladies and Gentlemen, please keep up the good work.

Dedicated to Trope-tan, ever and always the love of my life.

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This was a practice Omni-Canon for the story The Dark Lord's Equal so you probably know what to expect. There was a 2000 word Author Notes chapter which has been removed, basically it was just me blathering on about where all the idea's were stolen from. It's crap but if you really want to read it message me and I'll e-mail it to you.

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Ever wonder what happened to me after the Battle of Hogwarts?

Well as you're interested I'll tell you, and I'll do my level best to keep it brief, as true as possible, and cover all of what's important, and all the things you might want to know.

First off, people stopped calling me 'the-boy-who-lived' or 'the-chosen-one' much to my eternal glee. They call me 'Harry Potter' just like that, like I am both forename and surname. I was instantly whisked into the position Dumbledore was in, you know the sentiment... "of course I've heard of Harry Potter, who hasn't heard of Harry Potter?"

As far as sobriquets go, my name is one that I can live with, and while I never like being famous in the least, I suppose I resigned myself to it. And Merlin protect me I am famous, very famous, as famous as 'the-boy-who-lived' was, he couldn't hold a candle to 'Harry Potter'.

Anyway, back to the story. I bought some contact lenses and commissioned some people to investigate vision correcting charms. After asking Kreacher to move that portrait of Mrs. Black I donated

him to Hogwarts. He was happier with the other house elves, than he was just serving me. Kingsley was made Minister of Magic, but he hated it, and I found myself amused at how short his term lasted. He was back being Head of the Auror office in something like eight months, and much happier for it. Some administrator was voted in.

September after the battle found Me, Ron, Hermione, Ginny, Neville, and Luna back to do our seventh year and sit our N.E.W.T.S. More because we wanted the break than that any of us really needed to. It was the only peaceful year at school we'd ever had. Minerva as Headmistress and 'yours truly' teaching Defence Against the Dark Arts. Still a student for all intents and purposes, though I had to sit at the damn staff table for the feasts. I also got my own room, a stern lecture about how improper any relationship with one of my students would be, and how I was not to abuse my new room and the responsibility of a teaching post. Gin and I promised that no such impropriety would take place, though my invisibility clock did mysteriously go missing at the beginning of term, and a wild rumour circulated about how little time young Ginevra spent in the girl's dormitory.

We all passed our N.E.W.T.S. unsurprisingly Hermione got Outstanding in every single subject. I joined the Ministry for Auror training with Ron and Ginny. We all graduated the three year Auror Academy in a little less than five months. Yeah, we are all that good.

We all quit, of course, straight after the passing out ceremony and went to play some professional Quidditch.

Hermione and Ron got married; you didn't need to be a Seer to see that one coming. I'm serious, that constant bickering finally spills over and shows true nature: unresolved sexual tension. I mean come on; they've never stopped fighting since Halloween 1991. I was a little concerned that they were rushing into that whole marriage thing too fast, they were always good friends but they don't have all that much in common. Ron understands what the hell she's talking about even less often than I do, but it never was a problem. It's like they're so different that they're the same, I don't know what I mean, but hey, it works.

Speaking of Hermione, relentless polymath that she is, you'd be right to assume she does something productive with her life now the world is at peace. She works for the Ministry. Or maybe the Ministry

works for her, it's hard to tell sometimes. Didn't take her long after leaving school before she's high up in not one but three departments, Magical Creatures, Department of Mysteries, Experimental Charms, working of curing Lycanthropy, bringing equal rights to all sentient species, and using her unrivalled skill with charms to push the boundaries of magic. And while she did improve their rights and living conditions, Hermione never did free the House-Elves. Following a memorable conversation with the Sorting Hat, she found herself horrified to discover 'House-Elf' is just a more appealing way of saying 'Minor Demon', and before they were enslaved by the medieval French, their purpose was to sow chaos and dissension at every turn. Yeah...

Anyway, back to the Quidditch superstars. After a bit of effort we all ended up starting for our favourite teams. Ron Keeping for the Cannons was the best thing that ever happened to them; new sponsorship opportunities lead to a complete team, management, and coaching overhaul. They eventually did win the league, but that story comes later, until then know that Ron's Cannons finish in the playoffs as often as not.

Gin became the highest paid Chaser in history, and played alongside our old mate Angelina, both starting for the Harpies. Once I proved just how good at Seeking I am, I got a contract with the Harpies myself. Unfortunately this required me to be officially designated a woman in the eyes of the International Quidditch League.

Trying to pin down exactly what this means is met with nothing but giggling... awesome.

Now don't get me wrong, but I had no intention of quietly playing a sport professionally, I had a corrupt Wizarding World to deal with. Well not just I, more of a 'We'. Couldn't leave all the fun to Hermione could I. Neville was a great help as it happens, being as he is Lord Longbottom, Head of the Most Ancient and Noble House of Longbottom. I am too as it happens, Lord Potter-Black Head of the Most Ancient and Noble Houses of Potter and of Black. This actually gives us quite a bit of political pull, especially when we reinstate the Weasleys to their rightful place as Noble House.

There is a funny story there. Ever wonder why the Malfoy family and the Weasley family don't get on? Turns out dear Draco's Great-

Great Grandfather ruined the Weasleys, stole most of their wealth, and removed their status in our backward-ass Wizarding World.

So there we were Me, Arthur, and Neville, Lords Weasely, Longbottem, and Potter-Black. We're all rich, famous, influential, and we have four seats in the Wizengamot. With Hermione doing most of our thinking for us, we set about overturning the stupid medieval structure of governance and justice that allows such people as Cornelius Fudge and Lucius Malfoy to make decisions. I left most of it to Neville, Arthur, and Hermione so I could focus on what's important, getting onto the English National Squad.

With hardly anyone trying to kill me I grew surprisingly bored. I know, weird isn't it? Gin agrees with me though, so I don't care what you think. By the time I got onto the National Squad I was back spending some of my time training the Aurors, seriously these kids didn't know the first thing about "Constant Vigilance." It was dead fun too, especially when some of these kids have around a decade of years on me. Swanning into the training grounds of professional tough guys and out duelling three of them at once, good times.

It didn't take us long before noticing that crazy idiots kept trying to steal the Elder Wand. Sad and annoying as it is, I had to reclaim it for safety sake. I tried snapping the damn thing but it just repairs itself, bah, seems like the only way to nullify its power is do it the way Albus planned originally, die of old age the Hallow's last Master. The one in his tomb is a Portkey to the Department of Magical Law Enforcement. It's funny, anytime there's a rumour circulating about the wand they catch and arrest one or two new idiots.

Now don't take this the wrong way but I'm very, very good at contraceptive charms. So when Ginevra Molly Potter finds herself up the spout following a particularly intense Quidditch match, and suddenly decides she can no longer play her favourite sport, well I do a little detective work. She loves the sport, loves playing it, loves watching it, and is damn good at it. Hell, in only a handful of seasons she's risen to best in the world, highest paid chaser, and league winner. So as delighted as I was to have little James on the way, I felt a little bad for my sexy young wife and her career. Of course I was way off the mark. Thanks to my detective work I learned that my flame-haired little scamp decided to curse brake her way through my contraceptive wards. Turns out taking bludgers to the face and

constant touring had started to really grate and she wanted to spend her time watching games and raising a family.

We had a quote, unquote, "discussion" about the ethics of these events. And okay, I admit it, I always wanted a family. Raise some kids in a real home, in the kind of environment that I had always wanted. She clearly knew this too, and decided my attitude toward her 'career' was ridiculous.

Hence the curse breaking.

She started working as a sports writer so we could get free tickets to all the best games. And additionally so she could tell people she was working when she really was just kicking back at a match shooting the breeze.

England won the world cup in 2010 around the time Luna got married; it was my last professional game and I wanted to go out on a high. The Scamander guy told me at the wedding that he believes they'd discovered the Crumple-Horned Snorkack on more than one occasion, only whenever their hunt is successful they Obliviate each other so their chase can continue. This seems reasonable to me, exactly the kind of solution Luna would come up with. The Scamanders became accomplished naturalists, and I've read their journals on all the new magical creatures they discovered. It never ceased to amaze Hermione how far an open mind can go toward discovering the truth. The influence of Luna Lovegood on that powerhouse has been nothing but a positive one.

As the years passed more kids joined our huge sprawling family. Teddy started badgering us about going to Hogwarts, and learning Herbology from Neville. I remember when I first heard that Draco Malfoy's eldest son is the same age as Al, I laughed my arse off. Honestly Al looks the splitting double of me, Scorp looks the splitting double of Draco, and Rose Weasley has her father's balls and her mother's brains. Wait until you hear some of what those three got up to.

Draco didn't turn out too bad as it happens. His father spent only five years in Azkaban, but by the time he got out Draco had taken over as head of the family. The House Malfoy seat in the Wizengamot is surprisingly tolerant, even helpful when it came to the changes being

made to Wizarding Britain. I suppose what he went through during the war made him rethink the way his life was going.

After I retired from world stage Quidditch I joined the ICW, which stands for the International Confederation of Wizards. I became an Ambassador, and did all kinds of important Ambassador related things. Well that's what the public thought at any rate, that I was off Ambassadoring left and right.

Ever heard that a woman kissed by fire is lucky? It's not true. The guy she marries is the lucky one. My wife came up with the idea to end all ideas, and I swear on the names of Merlin, Meave, and Morgana, this particular idea gave me a job to do that tops all that foolishness with Voldemort.

Speaking of Tommy boy, we learned some very interesting things about his past that we didn't know about during our not so soothing stay at Hogwarts. Intelligent he might have been, being one of the greatest minds ever to pass through those hallowed halls can be argued, but really, honest to goodness, hand on heart, that boy was an idiot! A stone cold fool.

Bullied at his orphanage, he lashes out with his magic, understandable even if the incident with the rabbit was a bit on the harsh side. Comes to Hogwarts and finds himself powerful, skilled, and popular. He works his arse off, discovers the Chamber of Secrets and makes his first real friend, a basilisk by the name of Estrella. She tells him all about how the great Salazar Slytherin tamed her and asked her to guard his friends and students against what he believed to be an inevitable attack from magic terrified muggles. For fear that they will kill her he realises that he can't share this discovery with anyone until he smuggles her to safety. Myrtle Frisbee is at the entrance to the chamber and accidentally dies. He asks his friend to hibernate once again and swears to return and free her as soon as he is able.

Next he attempts to track down any blood relatives. With the Trace still on him he cannot do magic, and so when an enraged Morfin Gaunt attacks him, Tom smacks him over the head with a shovel and takes his family ring. Morfin wakes, finding his ring gone and a vague memory of "that muggle across the way" he goes on to fire Killing Curses at the whole Riddle family as they're eating lunch.

Tom's third attempt to find a place for himself in the Wizarding World, involves ending the long and deadly war that has been dragging on against Grindelwald. If he were immortal then he could end the war himself and be acclaimed world over. He uses the incident with Myrtle Frisbee to turn the Gaunt family ring into a Horcrux. He loses more than a part of his soul, he loses his sanity. Becoming Lord "flight from death" Voldemort.

That's the reason all plans hatched by Lord Voldemort were crazy, convoluted, and doomed to failure from inception. He was completely bonkers.

It's a shame really; he should have been a great man.

Okay, I got sidetracked there for a minute, what was I talking about? Oh yeah, my involvement with the ICW. See unlike me, the beautiful Mrs. Potter grew up in the Wizarding World, and as such knows many things about it that I do not. The idea of a Dark Lord attempting world domination, stomping around, making loads of noise, and generally making a nuisance of himself, is taken in stride by witches and wizards as simply a natural thing that happens.

Much like a hurricane or a flood or something.

So after a conversation overlooking the picturesque Falls of Tivoli, ike Gin-Gin comes up with an idea. What if a group of specially trained, wicked badass Witches and Wizards, find and track down these wannabe Dark Lords and Tin-Pot Voldemorts, and go on to "convince" them to give up their evil ways.

You don't get on my team until you're a Dumbledore strength Elder Wizard.

A few years after I started working with the ICW Hermione got a position under an Arithmancy Master in Hong Kong. Apparently she didn't have enough Masteries. The guy, who went by the name of Master Ri, did not like Ron. Ron still had it, great duellist, still starting keeper for the Cannons even though he really should have retired by that point, but the world renowned Master Ri took exception to his prized student "wasting herself" on Ron. Long story short, a message to his wife never reaches her, and Ron curse breaks his way through a high security building, incapacitates dozens of guards,

causes a large explosion, and leaves nothing but scorch marks where once there was valuable data.

Master Ri was a very influential person in his corner of the world, and was very determined to see my old friend spend the rest of his days in some dark hole. Now by this time Goodwill Ambassador of the ICW Harry Potter, is known in certain circles as exactly what he is. And Ron comments to me on how a simple Goodwill Ambassador seems to have a suspicious amount of pull in places where he logically should not. I threw up one of Hermione's extra strength privacy wards and offer him a job when he eventually packs in Quidditch.

Ten full years after I retire finds Ron in the championship game to end all championship games Cannons vs. Falcons, with Falmouth the heavy favourites. It should be noted that at this point, the longest any professional keeper has held a shutout -that is any keeper in the history of the sport- is fifty four minutes. More than two hours and fifty one shots on target later finds the legendary Ronald Weasley, rib sticking out his right side, having saved the deciding penalty propelling the Cannons to league champions. He'll be in the Hall of fame longer than Viktor Krum.

Human history changed forever on March 3rd 2019, about fourteen months prior to the Cannons winning the cup and Ron finally retiring from the sport. Two guys down in South America got into a bit of a magical dust up. You know the kind. The kind that I usually find myself right slap bang in the middle of even though I'm just out trying to buy a pint of milk. Normally this would be a fine, if unpleasant, experience. We can just do cleanup and Obliviate anyone who saw it.

Yeah, someone caught it on film and placed the whole thing on the Muggle internet.

So Harry Potter becomes Goodwill Ambassador 'to the Muggles', fossil fuel power plants are replaced by charmed turbines, and the medical industry is completely revolutionised. Not just muggle medicine either, St. Mungo's Magical Medical Muggle Menagerie becomes the foremost centre of healing in the world, after becoming the first to incorporate Muggle science, method, and medicine into their practices.



Quidditch helped when The Masquerade was lifted, that's how Ron's championship match came to be viewed by more than two billion people. It was a hard road at first, but the great thing about human nature is that once something changes, everyone just goes on as if things always were that way. Another piece of good news was that people were finally starting to try and kill me again. BP and the other oil companies HATED me. It was great, I had a twenty-four month period where every Hit-Wizard crazy enough to take the contract on me was jumping out from dark alleys and slinging spells at me.

Erm, don't tell my wife how much I learned to enjoy people trying to kill me, she might not understand. But seriously, the only action I get outside of the ICW is from the occasional idiot who thinks that I have the Elder Wand. I mean honesty; everyone knows that Albus Dumbledore destroyed the Elder Wand in 1945 after snatching it from Grindelwald.

Okay, have you ever looked back on your life and thought "I made one really good decision that day?"

Yes? No? Well I tell you one of the best I ever made. Remember when I offered Ron a job working with me and the ICW, I said I'd train him if he wanted, once he got out of the Quidditch game. Well he did, help me that is. I tell you, having a Weasley on your side is essential if you want to live through your stupid ideas.

At the end of the first day I asked him something that had been bugging me for years. When we were in school Ron was always a little jealous of me, and now he's married to such a high profile and influential woman, how did he deal with living in such a big shadow. I remember he didn't even pause, he just said something along the lines of "if history mentions me as a sidekick at Hogwarts and the guy who played Keeper in the Pro's for twenty-two seasons, it's probably more fame than most get." I remember thinking that the guy always was much stronger than most gave him credit for.

Still, that wasn't why asking him to work with me was one of the best decisions I ever made. No, that would be when I find myself locked in a cavern in the catacombs beneath a library in Rome.

Merlin was a real man, wizard of course but a man none the less. Not many, wizard or muggle have any idea how he died. Well I know. He died on the island of Avalon battling a monster from the Void.

The Void, some call it Hell; the thing left behind was a remnant of the war that crushed Atlantis, a war between the first wizards and the armies of The Fae. Merlin found one of the two last monsters guarding that terrible city, and killed it at the expense of his own life.

Guess who found the second.

You'd be right if you guessed me. That's right, me, muggins here, Harry fucking Potter always finds himself in these bloody situations. The damn thing spoke English too, a Bone-Man Fleur eventually named it. Immune to all magic save fire. And let's face it, fire barely gave it pause. Ron battered his way through the door just before it skewered me, and had presence of mind to smack it in the side of the head with Incendios Grata.

Great man to have your back Ron Weasley, of that I can be sure.

I was telling you what happened after the Battle of Hogwarts wasn't I? Hell, I wish I had more romance for you; it can't all be Griffindor colours, blood and fire. I suppose I should tell you about the Triwizard Tournament in 2024, there is at least a little romance in that tale.

In this yarn young Albus Severus Potter finds himself competing in the ancient challenge, he is standing against champions of two noble schools, the best they have, and some say the best in the world. He is past his majority and representing the Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, facing off against the best of Salem Witches Institute, and of Beauxbatons Academy of Magic, in the south of France, with Beauxbatons rules.

Al and his cousin Rose had been bestest friends foreverest since time immemorial. Pranking and hexing "that bastard Malfoy" since he challenged the eleven year old Griffindors to a duel he never showed up to... yeah, I know, the more things change, the more they stay the same.

Again, long story short. They had to battle a Manticore, and Al was the one to slay it, thereby winning the final task, and the tournament as a whole. Hearing one hundred Howlers singing 'Paint it Black' at the top of their lungs is quite an experience. More happened during the tournament but that's the important part, or at least the highlight. Still, by the end of that year Rose and Scorpy were vomit-bag

retchingly in love. Trust me, you don't want to know. It was well worth it, of that I can attest to, but still for the sake of your sanity, do not ask!

Al's trio was way better equipped than we were at old Hoggy-Warts. I think it had something to do with having a Slytherin in the mix. You know what I mean; a guy whose job it is to point out the gaping flaws in the plan. If Ron, Hermione, and I, had someone like that in our crew then I have no doubt things would have gone much more smoothly. Looking back, our Gringotts break-in had more holes than it had plan. Anyway...

I was telling you what happened to me and my over-extended, sprawling, runaway family, after the war ending in the Battle of Hogwarts.

Well, you've heard about Ron, and it's unsurprising Hermione became first muggle born Minister for Magic, and eventually President of Earth... no really, with the Muggles finally in the fold, and the Dark Lord problem curtailed; a planetary alliance was none too difficult to organise. Let's face it, can you think of any but Hermione Jean Weasley to be mature, intelligent, and capable enough to do the job? No? Thought not!

The Dark Lord problem really has been sorted. Either that or someone taught them the Sith Rule of Two. But hey, even then, we have at least a thousand years of peace to enjoy before the fun starts up again.

As for the rest of the family, George 'Mad-Ear' Weasley married his old Quidditch teammate, the wicked hot Angelina Johnson, and produced a marauder class prankster by the name of Fred. Fred of course contributes nothing, save being a terrible influence on my firstborn, who himself contributes absolutely nothing.

My godson Ted Lupin healed the rift between Slytherin and the other Houses when he, Cedric's younger brother Dewey, Cho's brother Kai, and Draco's illegitimate daughter Violet Parkinson, all become friends on their first year ride of the Hogwarts Express. The Slytherins beat the crap out of him a number of times and there was a Goblin Rebellion involved. I'm proud of him, and all he accomplished that year, despite nearly getting himself killed. Remus would have been proud to see him too. Goldfarb and I sorted out

that Rebellion business in short order, it was kind of an anticlimax really, not that I was disappointed or anything.

Teddy married Bill and Fleur's eldest Victoire, the same Victoire who Chased against her Uncle Ron in his final game. Sports casters called her the Sky Angel. Charlie moved into an ancient Romanian castle with a pack of Veela, a castle once owned by the Hufflepuff line. And Percy kept throwing on his old 'cauldron bottom thickness' act when he's around the family, but trust me, his wife is not the plane and quiet type.

Ron keeps saving my life, and Ginny still scares the shit out of me. I mean seriously, how many people can you trust who are THAT good at casting the Dark Arts? Hell, had I not seen that Pensieve Memory of her consume forty four Death Eaters with Demon's Light, I would never have believed she could command such terrible magic. And at age sixteen at that! I suppose something positive did come out of the whole Diary incident; turns out you CAN do Good with powers from hell. Love her, by the way. Elder and Thestral aside she's the only one who can duel me and win two times out of five.

Everyone else is doing well also. Hannah Abbott pinned down Neville and they have at least four children, though Neville did eventually convince his wife to move out of the rooms above the Leaky Cauldron. Luna gave birth to twins, who are destined to be forced into becoming accountants by their parents. Or maybe not so much.

Petunia had a single granddaughter, and I'll give you three guesses as to which school she ends up attending. I got my chance to act as Hagrid, but was disappointed because Dudley refused to go along with my 'chase around Britain' idea. I didn't get to give a single person a pig's tail.

Kim Dursley and Hagrid's daughter Marie became good friends. Strange that. Everyone knows Half Giants can't have kids, although that may be because there are so few Half-Giants running around. Anyway, beautiful girl Marie. At first glance imperious and more than a touch scary, but she's ever so sweet once you get to know her. She topped out at a full two meters by her thirteenth birthday, but other than that you would never guess she had any Giant blood in her at all.

Even though he is immune to the Veela magic, one Viktor Krum, having finally won Bulgaria the world cup, becomes entranced by a formidable young graduate of Beauxbaton, one Gabrielle Delacour. Bizarre as it is for a fascinating, and desired young man to become intoxicated by a teenage girl, but they proved love for one another countless times in the moments they spent together. Hell, Krum and I have the same great granddaughter.

You remember Dung Fletcher? Always knew he'd be a successful one didn't you? Well took him long enough but he found one-of-a-kind magical watch designed by Rowena Ravenclaw. For once he could prove the thing was procured legally, and he auctioned it off for just under four hundred thousand galleons. Tidy sum gave him an overly flashy house and a stake in the Midnight Club. He assures me that Harry Potter hair is three times as valuable as Unicorn Hair. Gross.

Minevra was hailed as one of the best leaders of Hogwarts in all of the school's history. It's an advantage only having one job, and not having to argue with the Wizengamot and fight a in a war every other day.

And damn, I was inevitably going to become the Headmaster of the school too. In retrospect it was just a matter of time, especially after I was convinced to return there and teach Battle Magic, on top of all my other responsibilities. Oh, woe is me.

So yes, I found myself in that same old position. I can channel my inner Dumbledore with the best of them. Hell, I now understand that this is exactly what 'He' was doing, and exactly why 'He' was doing it. You know what I mean; enigmatic statements that only make sense in hindsight, knowing things I can't possibly know, going around being mysterious at people. So yeah, I found myself Headmaster of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, Order of Merlin First Class, Supreme Mugwump and Goodwill Ambassador to the Muggles of the International Confederation of Wizards, Chief Warlock of the Wizengamot, and Grand Sorcerer.

So can any of you guess what the twist is this tale is? No? I'm guessing you can't.

You can't because it's so obvious.

I am dead.

I am not so sure this little twist is clear from the narrative so far. But I can assure you I am. I died at the age of two hundred twelve; all of my earliest friends were waiting for me on the next great adventure. And if you're thinking of becoming sad you should really get a life. Honestly, I was getting bored. Let's face it; after I cut the ribbon and opened the gates to Elysium City, the human race longer needed me.

So now I'm dead, and I've left the world to its own devices. Ha! Good luck to it. Because that's just it... the next great adventure, isn't sitting on some cloud reminiscing about old times, it's a new battle, a new war, and you know... all the other good stuff too. Fighting for what is right, against an enemy who is trying to sever me from my friends, from my family, and from all that is right in the creation.

It all comes back to choice, do I do what's right, or do I do what's easy. Am I really ready for the pain, the loss, the suffering? Can I keep going after all I've lost, all that I've seen, and all I've done?

Come dance with me Lady Fate.

I'm Harry fucking Potter.